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In Memoriam

James Bell

In Memoriam.

JAMES BELL,

Died 26th July, 1879.

GLASGOW:
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Yours sincerely
A. Bell

In Memoriam

OF THE LATE

JAMES BELL,

ENGLISH MASTER IN THE HIGH SCHOOL,
GLASGOW.

DIED 26TH JULY, 1879.

BIBLIOTHE
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GLASGOW:
DAVID BRYCE AND SON,
129 BUCHANAN STREET.
1879.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER,

BRISTOL.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

THE eventful are not the most prosperous seasons of a nation's history. War and struggle, which give such a charm to the page of history, too often inflict poverty and bitterness upon the people. Similarly, the least eventful are often the most useful lives. And where aspiration and purpose select some modest groove of usefulness, the life will develop with an even quietness which permits it to be overlooked, but does not prevent its rendering the highest service.

Such a calm, uneventful, easily told, but not easily measured life was that of James Bell. He was born in Edinburgh on the 25th October, 1818. Almost before he

was old enough to know his father, his father was taken away. "The only son of his mother, and she a widow," from his merest childhood, he was the sole charge and consolation of her tender heart. God shows himself the God of the widow in nothing more than in the augmented influence He gives her over her children. And never was that characteristic influence more richly exerted and more fervently responded to than in his case. As he grew into boyhood, his youthful and beautiful ambition was to fulfil her hopes, to cheer her declining days, and to increase the comforts of her home.

The High School of Edinburgh was at the time in very able hands, and entering as a scholar there, his swiftness of perception, his precision, and his diligence made him highly successful in all his studies. But it was not merely in classics and in science that his powers found exercise.

God was a great reality in his mother's house. It was very natural that the Beloved of the mother should become the Beloved of the son as well. In all His consoling power, in His supporting grace, God was manifest in that house, and the boy beheld Him. We do not know exactly when or how, but God "waked his ear in life's morning," and he made that early choice of Jesus Christ as his leader, Saviour, strength, and portion, which once made is never repented.

A friend testifies that as a boy of fifteen or sixteen he was a decided Christian. Happy are those who make the saving choice at any stage of their career, but happiest of all those who make it young, who give God the full cup of their existence, with none of it spilt, who have little to unlearn, who develop with the evenness of those whose growth has not been injured, who throughout their life are ever

accumulating a richer experience and a fuller power of usefulness. It would surprise those who have not inquired into such matters to observe how commonly those who have attained the highest distinction in the fields of Christian philanthropy have been those who began earliest to serve their Lord. "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth" is a grand thing to be able to say, and Mr. Bell could say it.

He left the High School, after four years' attendance, at the age of fifteen. His own predilections led him to seek employment as a teacher—the choice of this profession being perhaps in some degree determined by the desire he cherished to become a minister of Jesus Christ. The Niddry Street School was one of the largest and most successful in Edinburgh. The Town Council were the patrons; about six hundred children attended it. There for three years Mr. Bell held a position as pupil

teacher, and during a second three years the post of assistant master, in both of them giving the promise which in later years was so richly fulfilled.

"The times were great" for Scotland then. The Church had awaked from the lethargy which for more than a century had settled on her. With the waking came a keenness of desire that the ordering of God's house should be more spiritual. One of the first signs of awakened life was the repugnance felt to the idea of an unspiritual or unacceptable minister being thrust on any Christian congregation. Against the patron's claim to present whom he chose rose up the people's plea that their holiest Sabbath hours, the spiritual welfare of themselves and of their children should not be sacrificed on any score of personal interests.

The leaders of the movement which claimed liberty of action for the Church of

Christ were men exceptionally noble by nature, and made more so by the ardour with which they advocated a noble cause. Few services have been greater than that which they rendered the Church of Christ, when they led the larger and better half of the Church of Scotland to purchase freedom to serve their Saviour and their fellowmen more fully by a sacrifice, of which the loss of the emoluments of office was by no means the greatest. Next to that service was another less frequently noticed, but only second to it in importance. They raised the tone, and dignified the office of the Christian ministry. The pulpit became evidently worthy of Edward Irving's description, "The ancient throne of truth within these realms;" and the finest intellect and noblest feeling of the youth of Scotland aspired to consecrate itself to the service of the Saviour and His Church.

It was not surprising that living in Edinburgh, the centre of the Non-intrusion movement, and the city where Chalmers taught, Mr. Bell should feel the holy desire to enter the Christian ministry. Full of this wish, he attended the College classes during the three years 1836-39, carrying on at the same time his work at Niddry Street. But now arose one of those dilemmas that test the real nature of a man. His mother was now dependent on him for her support. He must teach, if with any adequacy of comfort her declining years were to be gladdened. But if he continued to teach, he must cease to pursue the studies for the Church, which required an amount of time and work which, added to his other labour, threatened to destroy his health entirely. The wish to be a minister of the gospel was a passion with him. He had distinguished himself in the classes he had attended, carrying off several prizes. But there was

no shrinking from the tenderer duty; and the dearest dream of his life was sacrificed to filial duty; and, grateful to be able to soothe a parent's declining days, he addressed himself with more ardour than ever to do all the good that lay within his reach in his profession as a schoolmaster.

In 1839 the Town Council opened a new school intended to be on the same plan as that at Niddry Street, in the school-room beneath the Greenside Parish Church. Though Mr. Bell was then only 21 years of age he was appointed master, and during the five years he held that post justified by most complete success the confidence of his patrons. During these years he was busy for his Saviour as well. He was not too wearied with teaching through the week to be reluctant to engage in the Sabbath school as well. He was superintendent of the Sabbath school that met in the same place. He taught the less competent

teachers; was strangely successful in encouraging all of them to take their turn in the public devotions and addresses of the school. Methodical, punctual, and precise, but at the same time genial, full of humour and kindliness, he was the ideal of a good superintendent, securing order, inspiring enthusiasm.

After spending five years in this work, his mother having died in 1840, he came to Glasgow at the age of six-and-twenty, and opened the Desmond Bank Academy in 1844. Beginning with very modest prospects, the school was sufficiently established by 1846, to permit of his taking the step which enriched and crowned his life with a happiness that falls to the lot of few—he married Miss Jane Somerville Rough, daughter of Mr. Archibald Rough, of Edinburgh. She was singularly fitted to be his life companion. With the simplicity and heartiness that could enjoy their

early struggles, she had the culture, the judgment, and the geniality that made her able to render a more conspicuous service when the struggles were over, and she was needed to take a leading part in all the Christian activities of St. Peter's Church, and in the varied philanthropic enterprises to which the Christian ladies of Glasgow have so honourably addressed themselves. In a striking degree, "the meekened sense and amiable grace and lively sweetness," which charmed the poet in another, dwelt in her. Unaffectedly devout, ardent in her affections, with a constant play of simple mirthfulness rippling the surface of a sober judgment, she was for him a help meet indeed, and for all his friends a very "beam from the Father of Lights," which brightened all around her, and for four-and-twenty years relieved his every care, shared his every purpose, gladdened his every hour. And thus helped, the ardent teacher

became more ardent still, and his previous success was now excelled. Such was the reputation which he acquired that, in 1849, he was appointed English Master in the Glasgow Academy. Holding this appointment for ten years, he was in 1859 appointed to the same position in the High School of Glasgow, where he remained till his death. These positions gave him a very grand opportunity. Some hundreds of boys daily for some hours under his charge, the opportunity of forming their character and habits was indeed a noble one. And combining strictness and gentleness, order and enthusiasm, a Christian devotion which had nothing formal in it, with a friendly interest in all his boys, and possessing richly the keenness of glance, fulness of knowledge, accuracy of scholarship, which gave him perfect authority over his classes—he was able to make fullest use of that opportunity. Only the Great Day will declare how many

learnt from him the beauty of true religion, the worth of honesty, the honourableness of earnest work, the desire for noble usefulness. One who knew Mr. Bell well, and who was conversant with his work in the High School, writes as follows :—

"His teaching is allowed by competent judges to have been of the most thorough and conscientious description. Long practice had enabled him to work out a rather elaborate system of minute details, which tended in no small degree to his success. Even in the large classes which he had occasionally to manage, the perfection of his system made it impossible for idle boys to shirk their work; while it left upon all his scholars an impression of the value of order and method that many could testify to have been of very great utility to them in after-life. Dissatisfied, too, with what formerly passed as the staple of an English education, he anticipated by many

years the modern cry for the teaching of science by imparting to his scholars a knowledge of physiology. Not a few could be found to trace their first interest in 'the fairy tales of science' to their work in Mr. Bell's class; while he strove also to awaken into activity the reasoning powers of his more advanced classes by exercising them in the principles of logic. But in his school work, more notable, perhaps, than any other quality was the personal influence of the man. Boys felt they had to do with a good man, inflexibly just and impartial, who meant work and who would see the work done. His keen insight into boy-nature, and his kindly but firm modes of humouring it, called forth the respect and affection of his boys; and although he could be severe, if occasion demanded, severity was rarely exercised, and then chiefly for the correction of moral offences; and probably few teachers will be found to

get a larger amount of willing work out of their boys. It may be taken as a proof of his success in working the rather trying relationship subsisting between schoolmaster and scholar that of a large circle of friends (and few men had a larger) a very considerable number had once been his scholars. His boys cherished a reverence for him which grew the deeper the fitter they became, by experience of the world, to estimate his worth aright. Not a few presentations from his boys gladdened him —a commentary from Niddry Street, a gold watch from Greenside, the Encyclopædia Britannica from Desmond Bank, and from old Academy boys in 1867 a very handsome service of plate. Happy the city which for its children has such teachers, and happy the teacher who for his powers finds such an opportunity!"

At home there was a cheerful and lively gathering, for though they had no

children, during ten or twelve years of their Glasgow life Mr. and Mrs. Bell had always some pupils residing with them, much to their enlivenment, and much to the profit of the boys.

In St. Peter's Church he filled the office of an elder from 1846 to his death. Devoted to the Church as the Psalmist was to Jerusalem, for three and thirty years he gave time, thought, prayer, and labour to perfect all its organizations and to advance its interests. During seventeen of these years he discharged the duties of session-clerk, and his retirement from this office was made the occasion for a presentation of plate from his fellow-members in the session, as a mark of their respect and esteem. The Rev. Wm. Arnot, and subsequently Dr. Macmillan, found in him a valued friend, as well as an earnest helper. From the commencement of the Foundry Boys' Society, which has done so much to

save "the children of the needy," he was interested in it—for many years its President, and to the close of his life one of its most frequent preachers to the children. In 1870, suddenly, Mrs. Bell was removed from his side. Serious premonitory attacks of faintness had for a year previous occasionally occurred, suggesting to both of them some apprehension of an early and sudden removal. But dying as she did of a sudden spasm of the heart in a warehouse in town, the shock was terrific, and intensified a loss which in any circumstances would have left him desolate. Yet even then, his faith triumphed. And bowing to the will, and trustful in the love of God, he addressed himself to that duty which was now the only thing that gave life value or consolation to him. It was beautiful to mark how clear he kept of the murmuring that is apt to mix with resignation, and of the weakness that is apt to come with sorrow.

Gradually He that makes "all things new" made of his very loss a quiet resting-place: and memory, no longer arrested by the grave, ranged with pensive sweetness over all the beauteous past; and hope of enjoying "the bands and bliss of mutual love" in a happier world took large and solid possession of his heart. The end brightened as he approached it, full of sweet attraction—"the summer morn he sighed for." He enjoyed life, but at the same time cast longing eyes to the fuller life above.

During the last twelve months of his life his strength was "weakened in the way." Now a cold, now a slight disorder of the liver affected him. The heart's action became somewhat feeble, and his medical adviser, imparting to him his exact condition, intimated that while he might live to old age, he might possibly die early and suddenly. During the summer recess he had gone to Pitlochrie, hoping to find some in-

vigoration there. But the benefit he had usually derived, this time was not experienced. A sudden death in the establishment of a gentleman somewhat similarly affected to himself startled him the Monday preceding his own death. But the shock did not prevent his taking a journey to Dundee in the service of St. Peter's. He got back to Pitlochrie exhausted, insisted on getting off home as soon as possible, and with much fatigue on the Thursday got home. Friday there was no improvement, his condition causing anxiety, but not suggesting the thought of danger. During the night of Friday his sister-in-law sat up, with him, much against his will. He was very restless and thirsty, a great weariness would not let him sleep. He asked for, and took heartily, a cup of tea, and bread and butter, prepared for him in the early morning; when just afterwards, evidently feeling death upon him, and remembering

some important papers were in a place not easily accessible, he startled those attending on him by getting over the bed and saying, "I must have these papers." In an instant blindness had supervened, and saying, "Where are you? I cannot see you," in another instant, while a look of ineffable peace overshadowed his face, death had come with its gracious healing of all bodily weakness and heart grief, and he was with the dear ones he had supremely loved and with his Saviour whom he had so humbly served and trusted. The death took place on Saturday morning, July 26th, 1879, at 8 Kew Terrace, Glasgow, in the sixty-first year of his age.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

So may all of us at length reach "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

FUNERAL SERMON

BY REV. RICHARD GLOVER,

BRISTOL.

Preached in Free St. Peter's, Glasgow,

October 12, 1879.



FUNERAL SERMON.

2 TIMOTHY iv. 7, 8.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

I HAVE to regret that a combination of unfavourable circumstances makes me the preacher to-day instead of one whose words in this place and on my theme would have a weight which mine cannot possess. I have at the same time to rejoice, as a friend, in the opportunity afforded by this service of commending the fine example of a life which I revered;

and as a preacher in having an audience whose interest in the truth will be deepened by their attachment to one dear to us all.

It is well to remind ourselves of the virtues of the glorified, to use their ascending spirits as lights to reveal the unseen future. It is an imperfect affection that the Saviour and the saints alike rebuke which never asks of the departing, "Whither goest thou?" But to commune with the exalted—rehearse their victories, and attempt to realize their bliss, is to breathe a fresher air than that of common life, and to get impulse and power to go on our way rejoicing. To aid us in hallowing our loss, and in yielding to the attraction which the glorified exert, I take the text which I have read. While, of course, I do not assume on the part of our friend any equality of service and attainment with the great apostle, the words in which the manner of the apostle's life is described

describe with fittest accuracy his earthly life, and the words which express the apostle's hope express the serene attainment in which to-day he is so blest. Look therefore at them. For there is something strangely bright about them. His utterance here is not after the manner of men. Old age, when life has been spent in pleasantness and peace, is prone to "live backward in memory." It enjoys the rehearsal of the past, and sometimes would not exchange its wealth of memories for the wealth of hope which youth enjoys. But even when life has been brightest, old age leaves it to youth to live forward "in hope."

But here Paul has a world of hope before him as rich and bright as that of memory behind—a sphere of expectation which youth itself will envy.

While, when life has not been one of comfort and of kindness, age hardly dares

even live backward in its recollections. It is apt to be in a strait betwixt two—unwilling to recall, afraid to anticipate—careless to live, but afraid to die—shrinking equally from a remorseful past, and from a portentous future.

But Paul's strait is of a different kind—attracted by earthly work and heavenly reward alike. "Wishful to go but willing to stay," gazing back on an earth bright with service, and forward on a heaven bright with glory, his very distraction is one of perfect peace.

To-day standing at the close of a life bravely lived and fairly ended, and at the beginning of his immortal career of still higher bliss and usefulness, we may well take St. Paul's words as suiting his case, and bringing before us the themes congruous with our present circumstances. I ask you to consider them as expressing

I.—THE GOOD MAN'S RETROSPECT.

II.—AND HIS AWAITING GLORY.

We consider first—

I.—THE GOOD MAN'S RETROSPECT.—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Our retrospect is a serious matter. The present comes plastic into our hands, it is clay and we the potter, and we may make it what we will, but when it has become the past then it is fixed in a changeless form. Soon all our life will be retrospect, and will then in its unalterable aspect and calm light follow us, and fix its eye upon us. "Son, remember," is itself a terrific penalty with some lives, as they look on little which does not accuse them; while on some the same words confer a sweet and blessed reward; according to The Past, simple memory being froward to the froward, and merciful to the merciful. To some The Past is a worm that dies not, a Sinai all fire and clouds; but to some The

Past is a quiet resting-place and a peaceable habitation—a scene bright with quiet glades of lovely usefulness or sublime with scenes of hard-earned victories. To Paul it was the latter. He looked back on his Christian life and saw the three great features which deter many from attempting it—the difficulties of the way, the length of duty, the responsibility of a great charge. But while some shrank from the difficulties, he had faced and fought them, though courage was perpetually needed, and the sacrifice of self required; though dangers to life, defamation of character, the keenest opposition of false friends and bitter foes, constantly confronted him. Though within there were shrinkings, weakness, doubts of the reality of his consolation or the value of his work; still setting his face like a flint, and asking and gaining the help of heaven—where others had declined he had accepted the great conflict, and now can

say with the triumph of a gratitude, humble amidst its victory—"I have fought the good fight." To him as to us, life had been like some long race, demanding the two things most hard to unite—zeal and patience, fervour and endurance; and often he was tempted to leave the rugged way and walk in some "enchanted meadow" easier to the feet. But however tempting the path that led away from the great course, and however arduous the steep and thorny path that led to heaven, he had gone on until he had finished the appointed race.

Many would have shrunk from accepting the charge committed to him. "The modern form of treason," some one says, "is shirking responsibility." We are perpetually doing it. And how might he have shrunk from the charge Christ gave him! To evangelize heathen peoples, and to do so against the will of all his countrymen, in

spite of the indifference that pervaded all society, was a work to task the bravest spirit, and to involve it in perpetual labour. But he had accepted, kept it, and now when a success, grander than any he had ever dared to hope for, has been realized, all the arduousness of the task sweetens into a gracious recollection. What a retrospect! How grand its consolations! How calm its peace! How tranquil its delights and joys! Just such in kind, though, of course, lower in degree, was, and is in heaven to-day, the retrospect of our friend. Yes, from his heavenly seat he can bear to look back on the earthly past behind him; and memory has a legitimate complacence in what it registers. With him there was the good fight of faith—not, indeed, in its more eventful and romantic form, but still in its most essential reality. Sometimes men mistake in judging of quiet lives, and forget that where the victory seems to

come easily, it is not generally because the opposition is slight, but because the decision is resolute and persistent. And that fine equanimity of temper that marked our friend; that firm constancy of purpose which let him year by year pursue the same exalted aims; that unselfishness of constant habit which made him think little of himself, and be ever careless of carrying his own point, if only the best were done; that fine simplicity of faith which made him frankly catholic in all his sympathies, and generously tender to even honest doubt itself, and which yet clung with the simple dependence of a little child upon his Lord and Saviour; that fine, hallowed resignation which gathered no sourness, but only richer sympathies and fuller consecration from his one great affection—such things as these were not easy, painless victories, but they were the slow result of constant struggle upward after the likeness of his

God ; and he in measure can look back—marvelling at the force of the onset, wondering that he survived such shocks—but still able triumphantly to say, "I have fought the good fight."

Almost as long a stretch of Christian life as Paul looked back on tried the persistence of our friend. For I suppose over forty years he served his Saviour. Many shrink from beginning the course ; many leave it after they begin ; many more become somewhat lukewarm in middle life —but he kept to his allotted course right to the end. So far from flagging, he was busier in doing good in the last years of his life than at any previous time ; and whatever the seductions of ease which tempted him from the path of duty, still constantly he went on, until at last he finished not only his life but his "course" with joy.

And the charge committed to him, with

what solemnity he kept it! How fine his conscientiousness in every duty! What fervour of piety he threw into his work as teacher, as elder of this church—as leader in the noble enterprise which lays such vigorous hold on the children of our streets and lanes. Many shrink from the charge that Christ would give them. They fear to admit the grace that gives us such solemn impulses, to follow the high calling, to enter the open door of usefulness. They prefer the poor existence of what they deem a less responsibility. They do not trade with grace, nor seize an opportunity. But the charge committed to him—grace and duty blended—he at once accepted and kept. And, oh! how grand a thing is life, when for twenty, thirty, forty years it unfolds itself a constant conquest, a growth, in which each day sees the attainment of the previous day excelled, in which the sacred charge of duty is kept unwavering to the

end, and which at every step exerts an influence productive of the grandest and most abiding good that the loving heart could desire to see effected!

Do I need to formulate the lesson of a retrospect so worthy?

It comes to some here, and with impression most solemn and influential should act as a grand encouragement. You are fighting a fight of faith, with difficulties, doubts, the enemy without or within—a fight of merciful philanthropy or saintly purity. You are running, and sometimes the course seems so long, the goal so distant, the path so steep, that you fear you will never reach the glorious prize. Some of you are addressing yourselves to the charge committed to you—office-bearers in God's Church, shepherds of His lambs, parents, visitors, workers in His manifold service of well-doing. And sometimes you are tempted to fear that your work is for nought and in

vain, and that all you can do will break down in failure and in fruitlessness.

To-day such thoughts can hardly fill you. And when you look on one, and another, and another, helped to the very end, successful to the last, able to keep their crown, and to receive a full reward—there comes, like a breeze of balmy morning, a freshening inspiration of hope that it will be so with you. Let us all take to-day the grand encouragement, and see that with us also life takes the stately form, and develops the noble growth which will bear such a retrospect.

And if some should gather this encouragement, is there not in such a retrospect something which addresses an appeal of gentle admonition to others here? Some of you have declined to fight with the evil within and around you, and neglect or suppress all higher aspirations, and decline the task of "working

together with God" for the good of man. You are not treasuring up such riches of recollection. Even already the past is beginning to speak in a tone of accusation, which becomes ominously louder year by year. Is there nothing that moves a better aspiration in the example of your friend? Why put into the everlasting picture what it will grieve you to have to look upon? Why not you be conqueror, and winner, and crowned servant? Do not to-day utter the wish of one, the wisdom of whose wish was only equalled by the folly of his acts, "Let me die the death of the righteous"; but breathe the wise man's prayer, "Let me live his life." Begin where our friend began. Commit yourself to the Saviour, sin to be pardoned, heart to be moulded, will to be inspired, steps to be controlled, and then in your own experience you will at length know the surpassing bliss of a good man's retrospect.

And if the calm and grateful retrospect should move us, how much more when, in addition to the blessed memories here illustrated, there are glorious hopes as well.

II. For a little consider, secondly, THE HOPE INTO THE REALIZATION OF WHICH OUR FRIEND HAS DIED — "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge will give me in that day, and not to me only but to all them also that love His appearing."

How marvellous that any merely human heart should entertain a hope so high! And yet you see the hope is sober—rational—lowly. There is no arrogance in the expectation, nor does it rise from any consciousness of peculiar merit or relation. He expects it from the generosity of God—*soberly* expecting God's rewards to have a grandeur worthy of himself.

It is a rational expectation. You will

observe while the crown is one to be given by God, it is at the same time a natural outcome of human character. The sun gives the plant its flowery crown of beauty. So man is crowned with a loveliness, which in one view he grows, and in another view God gives him, with a crown of righteousness. It is a humble hope, for you will observe that he expects it not for himself alone, or for a select few, but for all those also who love His appearing.

And sober, rational and humble—is there not much to justify an expectation so sublime? Is God, as our theologies sometimes make Him, "an hard master, reaping where he does not sow, and gathering where He does not straw"? Or is it not the beautiful marvel of daily experience, that God's rewards for doing right and doing good pass all our expectation? With many imperfections you seek to train your children for a life of goodness, and he gives

you such success that, one after another, their names are written in the Book of Life. You seek to bring a neglected child to him, and through His blessing, the whole immortal career of the little one is lifted into a higher plane of being. You simply persist in your effort to do right, and you discover that your lowly progress kept a waverer from falling, and attracted some that were far off to the path of life. And, as here, so there, God's rewards will be on a scale divine in its generosity. There will not be that unequal scrutiny that overlooks every element of goodness on the discovery of the slightest fault. The light of His judgment will not be more keen than it is tender; it will be grandly generous and charitably just. Like a parent who has a pride of love in what his child can do, and appreciates with delightful tenderness the efforts that have *only promise* to commend them, so the appreciation of God will

be no grudging estimate, and will give no scant reward, but there will be in Him a keenness to discover, to reveal, to reward, and crown all lowly goodness. The cup of cold water is not forgotten. The good given or kindness shown to the least of these His brethren, will be lifted into the pure renown of mercy. The being with Him in his temptations will be remembered and rewarded by our being permitted to be with Him in his glory.

And wherever the Saviour finds any trace of gracious goodness, there it is no slight honour He puts on it, but "the full and everlasting and passionless renown." And a crown is laid up for all who have the righteousness in which He delights. And they enter on the careers of eternity—not merely spared but honoured—and not merely refreshed with the everlasting rest, but enthroned as kings, and entrusted with the government of many things. That

righteousness which here was despised as a foolish costly virtue, left to simpletons, by all who deemed themselves possessed of wisdom, He singles out for his divine approval; and while the cunning which men praised, and the fame they envied, the arts of selfishness they revered and copied are left in the lasting regret of those who cherished them, and beneath the rebuke of God; He owns righteousness as the substance of which saints are made and heavenly royalty is fashioned, and crowns it as the supreme and essential glory of a man. Aye, and crowns it with no formal crown, and gives it no barren sceptre, but sovereignty, influence, employment, which might satisfy the highest aspirations of a perfected affection. And the heaven which receives our dead, is not some mere resting place, where the soul may be refreshed, or some temple where in perpetual pageant a formal worshipping of God proceeds. It

is a place where *his servants serve him:* where there is no "rust of gold;" where no talent is buried in the earth: but where the perfected powers find scope and employment in an eternal usefulness. Our dear ones are not shelved in dying. They could say, "Now is the child of man glorified," and might expect not the subsidence of their powers of usefulness, but only a wider field, a rulership over many things.

If our hearts were duly sensitive, might we not know and feel that the saintly dead are crowned, enthroned, invested with principality and power? Have you not felt them as they "lifted up, drew you after them"? Is it not the dead that mould the living? If I went round this church to-day and asked you to name the most potent influence on your life, would not each one of you name some one who is dead? Is it not the dead lips that have the richest

grace poured into them, and that plead with an appeal which is resistless? Have you not sometimes felt as if those whose prayers are like vials full of sweet odours in their acceptableness, were pleading your cause on high? Not the High Priest only, but all the royal priesthood that are glorified are within the veil, there interceding for us. In all points made like to us, we in all points are to be made like to him; and as he could say, "All power is given me in heaven and earth," so all the glorified can speak of their attaining some power in heaven and in earth—power of usefulness, of stately guardianship, of ability to help and bless mankind. That is what, if our senses were exercised, we might know and feel to be the case. And such a start has he, our friend, fresh from the sleep of God's beloved, with the dew of eternal youth from heaven's morning. It is no mitigated bliss, no make-shift joy that he has reached, no

compromise with the inevitable; but glory and honour and immortality, eternal life. It is not he should have our pity, to whom the world to come is bright with friends, waiting to welcome him with a love only the tenderer for the perfectness of heaven, and to whom eternal life is power to serve and opportunity of grandest usefulness. We make Jesus groan in spirit when we lament, with blind compassion, a Lazarus dead. It is a crown of glory, an abundant entrance, the Master's joy, the perfected likeness of his Lord, the full stature of the perfect man, and the ample sphere that he has reached and will immortally enjoy. And if he, why not you and I? If grace was sufficient for him, it will not fail us if we do but use and trust it. Be of good cheer; the night is far spent; the day is at hand. A little longer service, a little further sacrifice, a little longer watching and working below, and

we too, if humbly faithful, will receive that crown.

Brethren, lose anything rather than that. Hold fast what thou hast; let no man take that crown. How amply will it repay all service, patience, cost and cross! How light the affliction will seem contrasted with this weight of glory. To-day honour the dead by fortifying your purpose to follow him to the sky.

And why should not all of us go in for that glory? When so many of our friends have reached it, and the cloud of witnesses includes so many faces we have known and loved, and the song of the redeemed is sweet with the melody of familiar voices: why should not all of us reach it? The blood of Christ was shed for all; the gates are open; Christ's grace waits to strengthen us; earth needs our labours: we need heaven's warm and genial love. Let us from this hour

begin to follow our friend as he followed Christ, and seek that exceeding glory which he sought, and won, and now eternally enjoys.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. DR. MACMILLAN,

GREENOCK.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The Rev. Dr. Macmillan, preaching in St. Peter's Church in the forenoon of the Fast-Day, Thursday, 23rd October, from the text in 1 Kings iv. 29—"God gave Solomon largeness of heart even as the sand that is on the sea-shore," said at the close of his sermon—

As the sand is formed on the sea-shore so is the enlargement of heart, which is said to resemble it, acquired. Not in the quiet sheltered waters of the bay, by gentle and tranquil processes, is the sand deposited. It speaks of storm and change. Its gain has come through loss. The sandy shore that fringes the ocean has been produced by

the ruin of continents. On far inland heights the stream and the glacier have been busy wearing down the precipices; on the ocean verge the mammoth-chested rocks have been tunnelled by the tides; and the tempest-vexed waves have carried the materials thus formed and accumulated them on the distant strand. And so the discipline of Providence, which places restraints in our way, has for its object the more concentrated force of our being, by which we may rise superior to all the temptations and difficulties of life. God's chastisements, which seem to limit our joys and to make our life poorer and meaner, are designed to enlarge our capacity for spiritual good, to deepen the cup, so that it may contain more of the fulness of our God. Through the pains and privations of our sufferings He leads us to a larger freedom—a greater power—a purer joy. The cascade we see foaming between

its grim walls bears away, in the apparently useless struggle and waste of power, atoms from the rocks to swell the heap of sand upon the shore, and sow the seed of continents yet to be. And so are all the gains of the soul made through the abrasion of the hard and stony heart by the waves of time and change, by the wearing down of lofty imaginations through disappointments and failures, by the crumbling of proud desires through the humbling experiences of life. The sorrow or suffering that seems so useless and vain, contending with the hard rocky cause of it, fretting and fuming among the trying and restraining circumstances of life, is, as it were, removing from them lessons of faith, and patience, and love, which, afterwards, when the sorrow has subsided, and the suffering has become tranquil, will enrich and beautify the whole life. So is it with all enlargements, both in the natural and

human worlds; the increase in one direction is the result of decrease in another, as the sea-shore acquires its sand by a process of continental disintegration. All seeds of progress in the world have been developed like the seeds of giant trees—through the death of some part of them; and they have unfolded their germinating fulness through the desolation of winter and the darkness of cloud and storm. The church has grown to the ideal of Christianity through persecution and trial; has enlarged its boundaries, and purified and widened its faith by the crises through which it has passed. Kingdoms have grown great and noble through a stormy history. Nations have learned, through periods of terror and pain, to take wider and truer views of their mission, and to fulfil the purpose of their existence in the confederation of mankind. Through the captivity into heathen lands the Israelites realised that in them all the families of

the earth were destined to be blessed. Through the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the peculiar people, the Jewish religion merged into the world-wide, time-long kingdom of the Son of Man. And so throughout the history of Christendom we find that communities, selfishly tempted to confine to themselves their special blessings, have been compelled, by external straits and internal sufferings, to enlarge their bounds, and make others partakers with them of their privileges. New ages of larger liberty, of wider vision, of purer faith, of holier relationship between man and man have been ushered in by wars and revolutions. The hearts of men everywhere and always have been enlarged through their fear and sorrow. And the frame-work of society, like the frame-work of nature, is broken up from time to time that out of the wreck may be formed the shore-line that limits the encroachments of

old evils and the dry-land of truth that lifts the level of life nearer heaven.

I cannot conclude this discourse without referring to the very great loss which this congregation has sustained in the recent death of one of its most useful and most honoured elders. Mr. Glover, I have no doubt, has wisely and tenderly performed the duty of preaching the funeral sermon—a duty which circumstances prevented me from fulfilling—and I do not wish to open the wound afresh and grieve your feelings and my own by a lengthened elegy on this occasion. I shall only say a few words bearing upon Mr. Bell's public relation to yourselves. What he was in his private capacity as a personal friend I cannot trust myself to describe. There is a sacredness about that association over which the veil of silence must be left. Enough to mention that never was there a truer or kinder

friend. What manner of man he was as an office-bearer in his going out and in among you for so many long years, you all know better than I can tell you. The largeness of heart of which I have spoken was peculiarly his. God by his grace had widened his sympathies, so that he delighted in everything that was good and noble and beautiful. A mind more free from prejudice, a soul more tender and loving, I have seldom if ever come in contact with. He exposed to God's sunshine a broad generous nature, in the reflected warmth and light of which many rejoiced. His was not that self-infolding which has a single eye to its own interest, and cares only for its own things; but on the contrary the self-unfolding which takes pleasure in all the things of God and out of which grows a fuller blessing to men. His works of faith and labours of love, the outcome of his large loving heart, desiring the highest welfare of

his fellow-creatures, were so abundant that time would fail me to particularise or even enumerate them. He never grudged time or trouble or cost. These were always cheerfully at the disposal of this church when it required his help. He loved especially to give his services to the cause of your Congregational Home Mission; and manifested a profound practical interest in the work of instructing the young. The memory of his pithy and spirited addresses on social occasions, so full of genial humour and bright sparkling illustration, will not soon be forgotten. The Great Day alone will declare the good which must have resulted from his earnest and devoted labours in connection with the Foundry Boys' Society and Children's Church. No member of the congregation had a greater love for the services, the associations—I had almost said the very walls of this church—than he had. Each worship-

per was to him a personal friend in whose history he had a personal interest. He greatly rejoiced when tokens of prosperity appeared; and was correspondingly grieved on account of the losses and changes that occurred. The admirable organization by which the structure of the church was built up, and its numerous operations carried on, was owing in large measure to his orderly mind and great powers of administration. Only a few days before his death he undertook, against the advice of his friends, a long and trying journey to promote the interests of this congregation; so that he may be said to have spent the last efforts of his life in the service of the church he loved so well. His death has caused a woeful blank, which to us of this generation can never more be filled up. I look down upon the place where he used to sit; but the dear old face is not there, and all seems strange and sad and unreal

where all used to be so familiar and bright. We all sorely miss him. But we will not repine; for we knew that the roots of his life during the last years of his stay with us were all underground in the grave of his beloved wife; and the beautiful blossoms and rich fruits which he produced during the interval of waiting for the re-union, derived their impulse from the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still. Death in the end had but opened to him the door at which his weary spirit knocked all these lonely years. Oh! may we be enabled by God's grace to live a true, faithful, loving and useful life such as he lived, devoting the few mournful years of this short pilgrimage to the good of others and to the advancement of the Saviour's cause; that when the cry is heard by us too—"The Master is come and calleth for thee," we may be ready to go in with him to the marriage feast, to eat

the fruit of that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and under whose shadow God will wipe away all tears from our eyes!

I have been asked to supplement these remarks by a short account of a visit which I paid with Mr. and Mrs. Bell and two other friends to Denmark and Norway about twelve years ago. It is not necessary that I should go over all the details of this visit; especially as I have already embodied them in my book entitled "Holidays on High Lands." Mr. Bell himself had written an admirable lecture upon the subject—conveying much information in a concise, lucid, and genial style—which he delivered in several places with much acceptance. This lecture ought to be printed; and would prove a very worthy memorial of his ability as a lecturer. It will be enough, therefore, to single out a

few incidents of the tour as illustrative of a phase of his character different from that which his home-life exhibited. It has been often and justly observed that we know best the true nature of our friends when we travel with them. For seven weeks we were in closest association with Mr. Bell, amid new circumstances and the usual little troubles incidental to travel, which would certainly have revealed any disagreeable qualities, had these existed; and during all that time we found in him the same evenness of temper, the same unselfish mind, the same desire to please and be pleased with which we were familiar in the easy intercourse of his ordinary life at home. He suffered severely from sea-sickness both going and returning; he was laid up for a day or two in Christiania from the results of a painful local inflammation; the long journeys every day were fatiguing to him; and the almost

tropical heat of the Norwegian valleys, which no darkness ever cooled down, was hard to bear. But nothing could ruffle his sweet serenity, or draw from him a cross or impatient word. His calm endurance of trial—of which he had given many striking proofs at home — shone out on such occasions in a peculiarly impressive way; and the warm friendship that had previously existed between the members of the party, was made still stronger by his kind offices.

Mr. Bell was a most delightful companion. He had all a child's freshness and playfulness of feeling, combined with the shrewdness and sagacity of one who had seen much of life and had thought deeply of its problems. He was thus enabled to enliven the way by frequent sallies of humour, and a rich store of apposite incidents which had occurred in his own experience. He had a deep interest in the

primitive and simple-hearted people with whom in the remote stations of Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal he came into contact; and though his means of intercourse with them were restricted by his ignorance of their language, he contrived, notwithstanding, to pick up a great deal of information regarding their habits of life, and their social and religious affairs. In concert with his good wife—who shared all his kind feelings—he had provided a liberal store of little things, such as needles, pins, buttons, scissors, knives, &c., that might be useful to the peasants, and which, owing to their distance from the centres of civilization, they might not be able to procure for themselves. Nor were the little ones forgotten. Presents of comfits were freely distributed to the chubby flaxen-haired boys and girls who gazed open-eyed and open-mouthed at the strangers who had come from a far country to their father's

door, and brought with them such unknown and undreamt-of joys. The gratitude of the people for these little tokens of friendliness was quite affecting to witness; and many a hearty shake of the hand did he receive in return. But the most touching instance of his interest in the welfare of the people occurred when we were sailing down between Aalsund and Bergen on the west coast. We had on board a number of lepers on their way to the lazar house in Bergen—who occupied the steerage and seemed to be regarded with aversion by the other passengers. Mr. Bell, along with the rest of us, went among them, and freely conversed with them. We had no fear of infection or contagion, for we knew that leprosy was a disease of the blood and was communicated only by hereditary transmission; the burdensome restrictions of the Mosaic law having been imposed not for sanative but for religious reasons—

to mark God's abhorrence of all disease as a symptom and symbol of sin. Mr. Bell distributed among them a number of Norwegian Testaments and tracts which he had bought for the purpose before setting out from Scotland. He endeavoured, as well as he could, to direct their attention to the great Physician who, in the days of His flesh, cured the lepers, and who could cure the far deadlier plague of the soul. Undeterred by the repulsive appearance which they presented he, along with the rest of us, shook hands with them. I shall never forget the bright gleam of hope and joy that lighted up what remained of the faces of these poor wretched people when we thus brought them within the circle of our brotherly sympathy, and tried to cheer their awful lot, by opening up to them the bright prospects of immortality. Mr. Bell often looked back upon the incident, and referred to it as one of the most impressive

things that had ever happened in his experience.

Amid all the distractions of travel he never forgot the duties and exercises of religion. Rather did these become dearer to him because of the strange circumstances in which he was placed. He took his own turn with the utmost regularity in conducting the social devotions with which we began and wound up each day's proceedings; and never was his manner more solemn; never were his prayers—always short and to the point—more fervent and solemn than on those occasions. It is very sweet to recall many of their expressions. They cheered and sustained us, and surrounded with a halo of holiness the most trivial incidents of travel. He greatly enjoyed the more public services which those of us who were in the ministry conducted when an opportunity occurred. Of two of these he used often to speak. When

passing Elsinore on our way to Copenhagen—on a lovely Sabbath morning—he asked the Captain of the steamer if we might conduct a short service on board for the benefit of the sailors. This was at once agreed to. Mr. Glover preached a most appropriate sermon; while Mr. and Mrs. Bell led the singing, and I conducted the devotional part. The waters of the Sound were as calm as a mirror and reflected the ships with which they were crowded in their bright depths. The coast of Denmark —with its rich green beechwoods, glistening in the brilliant sunshine—was gliding slowly past us like the scenery of a dream; while overhead the sky was one rich field of stainless lapis-lazuli. The loveliness of the morning—the sweetness of the landscape—and the novel circumstances in which we were placed—having accomplished a voyage which, though very short, had been attended with much discomfort—and

surrounded by the simple-hearted sailors who, by their skill, had guided us thus far on our way,—all these influences made the service a most impressive and memorable one. No one entered into it more thoroughly than did Mr. Bell. To him, indeed, it was an Elim in the wilderness; and it ministered spiritual strength and refreshment which lasted many a day.

Another occasion of a similar kind happened in Romsdal. We were staying at Aak, one of the loveliest spots in that enchanted region. The church at Veblungsnaes was closed; the pastor having gone away on his holidays, and neglected to provide a substitute. We had, therefore, no alternative on Sunday but to hold a meeting in the station-house where we lived. The proprietor and his daughter could speak English. His wife, who was the sister of the bishop of Bergen, was ignorant of our language, but desired to be present

because she had been attracted by our singing at family prayers, and she could understand the universal language of praise at least; and two Englishmen, who had a lease of the salmon-fishing in the Rauma for the season, and were our fellow-guests at the inn, wished also to join us. Several of the servants, and of the peasants in the neighbourhood, came in; so that altogether the room was very nearly full. It fell to my lot to conduct the service. The discourse which I gave was very simple and homely, based upon the words in the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." I took the text to pieces and dwelt upon each word separately, showing its significance in relation to the gospel scheme, and picking my illustrations from the surrounding objects and incidents of the moment. I

felt the circumstances to be very interesting, and had much enlargement of heart and freedom of utterance. Mr. Bell thanked me warmly for the service; and said, he did not miss St. Peter's Church, as he had its minister in such a lovely sanctuary of nature. That Sunday was like the middle stem in the seven-branched golden candlestick to the other days we spent in this exquisite far away spot. It shed light and a kind of sacredness upon them. Our whole sojourn at Aak was like one long sabbath-day. It was the northernmost point of our tour; and it was certainly the climax of all its beauty and enjoyment. We fairly revelled amid the wonderful landscapes of this glorious region, and felt like the lotos-eaters in a land "where it was always afternoon."

The enthusiasm which the grand scenery of Norway awoke in Mr. Bell was most refreshing to behold. While gazing upon

its snowy peaks and tremendous precipices and lofty waterfalls, he seemed to have renewed his youth. He was often speechless from admiration when some new turn of the road brought into sight a matchless combination of alpine sublimity and lowland loveliness. The fjords even more than the fjelds were to him sources of attraction. He felt amid the endless variety of physical magnificence which they opened up to him as he sailed through them, like the Queen of Sheba in the palace of Solomon. He was filled with gratitude that his eyes were permitted to see such wonderful displays of the Divine glory in nature; and he used often to remark when awestruck and almost overwhelmed by some more than usually sublime spectacle, "If such be the glory of the footstool, what must be the surpassing glory of the Throne." The disabling effects of the accident which befell him before we com-

menced our tour, prevented him from climbing the peaks, or visiting the remoter waterfalls with the rest of us; but the quiet walk in the afternoon or in the long lingering twilight, amid the lovely scenery in the immediate vicinity of the station where we happened to rest, was to him more than a compensation. On such occasions he came into contact with the very spirit of nature as it were, which soothed and sweetened his soul almost like a mother's blessing; and like Isaac meditating in the fields at eventide, his thoughts wandered from the seen into the unseen, and conversed with the unspeakable realities of eternity.

The veil on which all these glorious things is painted for our instruction and enjoyment, and which are but the shadows of good things to come, has for him been lifted. He has gone behind it into the land of the unsetting sun, to "summer high in bliss

upon the hills of God," to enjoy with purified vision and transfigured spirit the things which eye hath not seen, prepared by God for them that love him. The two bright companions of that delightful tour—husband and wife, who were so lovely in their life, and now in their death are not divided —have left us; but their precious memory gives a touching interest to all the incidents and pictures of the tour, and embalms them in the hearts of the survivors with the tenderness and sacredness of sorrow.

EXTRACT FROM MINUTES OF ST. PETER'S FREE CHURCH KIRK SESSION AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

At Glasgow, the ninth day of September, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years.

The Kirk-Session of Free St. Peter's met and was constituted—the Rev. William Scrymgeour, Moderator.

Inter alia—The Session desire, at this their first meeting since the death of their brother elder, Mr. James Bell, to record their deep sense of the very great loss they have sustained in his removal. He departed this life, very suddenly, on the morning of Saturday, the 26th July.

Mr. Bell joined this congregation in 1844, when he came from Edinburgh to reside in

this city, being attracted by the ministry of the late Rev. William Arnot. He was ordained an elder in 1846, and he discharged the duties of Session-Clerk from August, 1848, to April, 1865—a period of seventeen years. From his first connection with the congregation, Mr. Bell threw himself heart and soul into all the missionary schemes and operations in which the congregation was engaged, and to his zeal and unwearied labours in prosecuting all works of Christian usefulness, much of the success of our labours as a congregation is due. He was most zealous and faithful in the discharge of all the duties of the eldership, and proved himself, at all times, a son of consolation to the afflicted and tried. His genial, generous, kindly, and obliging qualities were much appreciated, and endeared him to all his brethren in the eldership, and to the congregation generally.

Mr. Bell's labours as a philanthropist

were not by any means confined to Free St. Peter's Church, but in every agency affecting the spiritual good of the city he took a warm interest and lent a willing hand. His labours in connection with the Foundry Boys' Religious Society, of which he was President for several years, greatly tended to help forward that work, and infuse life and vigour amongst its various agencies. His consistent character and conduct in all places, and on all occasions, were such as to adorn his profession as a Christian and his position as a teacher of youth, and as an office-bearer of the Church.

The Session will long remember with gratitude to God his devoted and useful labours, and his memory will for many years be fragrant in their midst. His sudden removal they would regard as a solemn lesson to themselves to "trim their lamps, and be ready" for the coming of the Bridegroom.

The Session desire to express their deep sympathy with Miss Rough and other relatives, and pray that God in love may comfort them with the consolations He giveth to His own.

The Session instruct the Clerk to send an extract of this minute to Miss Rough.

Extracted from the Minutes of Free St. Peter's Church by

ADAM KIDD,

Session-Clerk.

GLASGOW FOUNDRY BOYS' RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

COMMITTEE ROOMS, 108 WEST GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW, *August*, 1879.

The Directors and General Council of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society record, with deep regret, the lamented death of the President of the Society, Mr. James Bell, who departed this life on Saturday morning, the 26th ult.

Feeling that this is no ordinary loss which is here recorded, the Directors and Members of Council desire to express, however inadequately, their sense of the great value and importance of the services which Mr. Bell rendered in planning, in consolidating, and in extending the work of this Society. His thorough and practical piety, his sagacity, prudence, and sanctified common sense, gave to his advice and decision a force and weight which were recognised by every one engaged in the work. To know him was indeed to love him and to desire to imitate him, for he was a bright example of a happy Christian, filled with the Master's spirit, and rejoicing to be engaged in the Master's work. During the past twelve years he discharged his duties as President with much honour to himself, and very great advantage to the Society. Manifold as were the calls thus made on his time and strength, his services were

ever rendered with cheerful alacrity, and nothing was permitted to interfere with them. In the religious work of the Society, his name was a tower of strength—so much so, that to any who might cavil at some aspects of our Sabbath meetings it was enough to say, James Bell is our President, and he approves. The clear and forcible gospel expositions which, on Sabbath forenoons, he delivered to the young, together with his friendly advice and encouraging words to the monitors thereafter, were always sincerely appreciated, and will long be remembered. His services in deputations to other towns, whether to stimulate existing associations, or to explain and institute this work where it was not known, contributed in no ordinary degree to promote that attention which is now devoted over the length and breadth of the land to the subject of Sabbath services for the young. To interest the young in the

gospel, to build them up in the knowledge of God's ways and loving purposes towards man, and to lead them to love the public worship of so gracious and merciful a Father, was ever a chief aim of his life. Finding in this Society a wide and open door of usefulness in carrying forward such work, he gave himself to it with so much Christian enthusiasm that this Society, in common with Christian workers throughout the city, while mourning the loss they sustain in his removal, will ever thank God for the lovely and earnest life he was enabled to live, and for the blessed work he was privileged to perform.

JAMES DICK,
Vice-President and Chairman of General Council.

J. COLTART,
Secretary.

R. S. HENDERSON,
Secretary to General Council.

EXCERPT from Minutes of Meeting of Directors of the Association for the Relief of Incurables for Glasgow and the West of Scotland, held in the Office, 68 Bath Street, Glasgow, on Friday, 8th August, 1879.

"The Directors of the Association, at this their first meeting since the death of Mr. James Bell, a member of the Board, desire to put on record their sincere regret at the loss they have suffered by his removal, and their deep sense of his worth and usefulness. Mr. Bell was, from the earliest, associated with the efforts which led to the establishment of the present Institution for the Relief of Incurables. As a member of the Executive and of the Board of Directors afterwards appointed, he rendered valuable assistance in framing the Constitution of the Association, in perfecting the arrangements for launching the

scheme, particularly in the preparations for the Grand Bazaar in 1875, by which it was publicly inaugurated, in the selection and purchase of the property of Broomhill, Kirkintilloch, where the Home is now situated, and in the proceedings connected with its subsequent opening and management. He served on different Committees, but it was chiefly as a member of the House Committee that the Directors had an opportunity of fully appreciating his character and services, and were enabled to form the high estimate which they cherished of his Christian integrity, his sound judgment, and his zeal in the cause of benevolence. The Directors join in expressing their cordial sympathy with his relatives in the bereavement they have sustained, and instruct the Secretary to forward a copy of this minute to Mr. Bell's sister-in-law, Miss Rough."

Extracted by WM. T. M'AUSLANE, *Secy.*

WEST OF SCOTLAND CONVALESCENT SEA-SIDE HOMES, DUNOON.

OFFICE, 58 GEORGE SQUARE,
GLASGOW, *23rd August*, 1879.

DEAR MADAM,—At the last meeting of my Directors, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to, and I was instructed to send to you an excerpt of the same :—

"That Miss Clugston and the Directors record their deep regret at the loss they have sustained in the death of Mr. James Bell, whose labours and influence in connection with this Institution have been productive of much good, and whose name and work is gratefully remembered by the Board. The Directors unanimously re-

solved to respectfully tender their condolence to surviving relatives."

I am, dear Madam,
Your most obedient Servant,
ROBERT HILLHOUSE,
Secretary.

To Miss Rough,
8 Kew Terrace, Glasgow.

EXCERPT from the Minutes of Monthly Meeting of the SCHOOL BOARD OF GLASGOW, held on the 11th day of August, 1879.

"At Glasgow, and in the School Board Offices there, on Monday, the 11th day of August, 1879.

"The School Board of Glasgow met: Present—Michael Connal, Esq., Chairman of the Board, in the chair."

Inter alia—"The Board desire to record their regret at the death of Mr. Bell, English master of the High School. Mr. Bell, early in his professional career, obtained a high reputation as a teacher of English in the city, and was appointed to the mastership of the English department in the Glasgow Academy, where the success

which attended his classes led the Town Council, then patrons and managers of the High School, to elect him to the corresponding position in that institution, where, for nineteen years, he has done excellent work and gained universal respect. Mr. Bell, while a diligent and painstaking teacher, was an active philanthropist, taking a deep interest especially in every thing that tended to elevate the social and religious condition of all classes of young people in the city."

Extracted from the Minutes of the School Board of Glasgow, by
W. KENNEDY, *Clerk.*

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICES,
129 BATH STREET,
GLASGOW, 5*th September*, 1879.

HIGH SCHOOL OF GLASGOW.

ELMBANK PLACE,
GLASGOW, *22nd Sept.*, 1879.

DEAR MISS ROUGH,—We beg to express our heartfelt sympathy with you, and our deep regret at the sudden loss of your dearest friend, and our much esteemed colleague.

He had been a master in the High School for nineteen years; was the oldest member of our staff, and was respected and beloved by all of us. As colleagues we shall miss his prudent counsel, and his cordial co-operation in everything that he considered to be for the good of our High School. Amidst our sorrow for his loss, it affords us some consolation to remember that his intercourse with us, extending in some cases over a period of thirteen years,

was of the most pleasant kind, and, from his amiable and conciliatory disposition, has left us nothing that we would desire to recall, or for which we could express our regret. Of the respect and earnest love which his pupils manifested towards him, it is unnecessary for us to speak. By them, and they are many, his memory will be long cherished. It is our earnest prayer, that He who has so soon called him hence may support you under this bereavement, and that you may be enabled to trust where you cannot trace His mysterious hand.

Signed in name of the masters,

D. H. PATON, LL.D.,
Rector.





